

## The Bourbon News.

SWIFT CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS, KENTUCKY.

## "AND ONE UNKNOWN"

BY JOHN ALEXANDER.

THEY had hauled him scuffling out of a coal bunk one morning, where he had managed to stow himself away, and where he had lain curled up until the steamer was well clear of land.

Back somewhere at one of the South American ports—Rio, most likely—he had sneaked on board at dusk, and crept ratlike to the security of the coal bunk. And now, dragged into the light of day—or, rather, such light as penetrated down there into the grimy darkness—he stood and grinned like a detected schoolboy at the little knot of firemen who had ferreted him out of his retreat.

Old Peters, the boatswain, who had gone below to investigate, pushed his cap far back on his head, and combed his grizzled beard with a meditative stroke of the hand as he regarded the stowaway. What should they do with him? The immortal Mr. Dick, if he had been present, would have decided promptly and emphatically: "Wash him!" For he certainly needed it. The layer of tan which had spread over his scraggy face was capped by an additional film of coal grime, and the whites of the fellow's eyes, as he looked around him with an affected easy, devil-may-care expression, were the only distinguishable marks in his features.

"I've 'arf a mind to turn the 'ose on 'im," said the boatswain, as he regarded the object of interest that stood mute before him. But event-



"HE SAT THERE IN HIS BUNK, STARING WILD-EYED AND OPEN-MOUTHED."

ually he decided to take his quarry along to the captain just as he had been discovered. He was dragged up on deck—no, not dragged, exactly, for there was some indefinite touch of distinction about the man, despite his grotesque appearance, that made itself felt to his rough captors—and they led him quietly, almost respectfully, into the captain's presence.

The interview turned principally upon the unknown's ability to work his passage, now that there was no means of getting rid of him until they touched at one of the West Indian ports. On that point, the stowaway, speaking for the first time and with eagerness, gave an ample assurance. He knew all about machinery, he said; and if they wanted an extra hand in the engine room, why, he was ready to turn to with oil can or shovel that instant. His name?

"No, that is my own conceit—no body else's. I am a Welshman," he said, quietly. "My people are well known in Cardiff. Perhaps I could tell a tale if I liked. Perhaps I couldn't. It doesn't matter to anybody." And he looked at the captain with eyes that meant he had said all he intended to say on these points.

It so happened that they were short handed enough in the engine room that run, and the captain turned him over to the burly, growling Scotch engineer, who did not seem to regard him with any great favor. "Taffy," as he was called, dis-

appeared below, and succeeded within an hour in completely reversing the engineer's opinion. The latter, who stood by to watch him, could see with half an eye that the man was quite at home among the throbbing, pulsing engines, and turned away with the growing comment: "He'll do."

They had a few passengers aboard that trip; and in the dusk of the evening, when Taffy stole up for a mouthful of fresh air, he noticed a dainty little childish figure gossiping along the deck. He stood there, with his grimy head poked out into the softly changing twilight, watching her. Every time she turned and skipped past him, his notable eyes slewed round and followed her. And as he gazed wistfully after the merry, innocent little creature, the "apple" in his bare throat moved as if with a gulp.

Aye, perhaps he could have told a tale if he had chosen.

Every evening after that he slipped away from the engine room at the same hour, and looked anxiously out along the deck. The child was nearly always there. Sometimes she smiled up at the greasy, watching face as she went past; and Taffy carried that smile below with him, wrapped up in some odd corner of his heart.

The steamer had run into St. Pierre, and was lying snugged up close to the shelving beach. They were to sail again next day, and it was a busy night on board. Cargo had to be unloaded and fresh freight shipped from the barges alongside.

Taffy, being an "odd man," had been put on the donkey engine, which he worked steadily throughout the evening. Many a time, while waiting for the word to "heave," his eye turned restlessly to the distant summit of Mont Pelee, towering high up there in the darkling heavens. The huge mountain was growing and rumbling ominously, and there was a strange, lifeless lull in the air, like that which betokens an approaching thunderclap.

It was far into the night before he was released from his post and free to turn in for a few hours. Heavy-eyed and weary, he tumbled into his bunk, and was soon fast asleep.

What was it that woke him? A strange, moaning sound coming from the land broke on his ears. He sat up in his bunk. Something was about to happen. He felt the mysterious, unknown calamity coming.

The air seemed to shiver and then to stand still. A flash, more vivid and blinding than the lightning, followed, and then it seemed to him as if all the machinery in the world—all that he had ever seen or handled—had been collected in one spot and had exploded at the same instant.

For one breathless second he sat there in his bunk, staring wild-eyed and open-mouthed. The next he was on the floor, as if he had been hurled there. He dashed up on deck, whence screams, agonized screams—reached him!

His shipmates, passengers and crew, were running madly about there. And no wonder: people run from a driving, splashing downpour of rain; but now it rained fire.

They ran, seeking any shelter from that awful hail of red-hot scorching cinders. Taffy ran also; but his eyes were searching frantically through the fiery deluge. The child!—the child!

He found her—found her screaming and panic-stricken under the bridge, with her little hand pressed to her nostrils to shut out the deadly, suffocating fumes. He picked her up, snuggled her to his breast, and ran again. The burning hail beat upon his bent back, the fire in the air scorched and shriveled him, but still he ran. Down he plunged—far down into the body of the ship, where the blighting fumes had not penetrated, and the fire from the sky could not reach them. And there, in some dark corner, he fell.

When the intrepid rescuers who eventually saved the pitiful remnant of the crew explored the hold of the steamer, they found a man—a man who had evidently been in his bunk when the fire smote the ship—lying dead there. But underneath that scarred and blackened body there was a living, breathing child.

And so he perished. In the official list of those who lost their lives on the steamer, he was rated as "One Unknown."—Black and White.

## REMEMBRANCE.

A little song that once she sang to me,  
A simple ballad all devoid of art,  
Hath by some subtle spell of magic  
Brought sweet through all these years with-

in my heart.  
The scent of honeysuckles ripe with June,  
A red-breast robin's matin to his mate,  
Seem pregnant with the quavers of a tune  
My heart still holds, sweet aftermath of Fate.

E'en when a choir's anthem through the nave  
Re-echoes, then I see, or seem to see,  
Arise from Reconciliation's well-kept grave  
The little song that once she sang to me.  
—Roy Farrell Greene, in Overland Monthly.

## Dog Nurses Foxes.

An interesting family is being exhibited by James M. Wilson, of Townsend, Del. It is composed of a motherly dog and three half-grown fox cubs. The mother fox had been traced to her den and killed when the cubs were found, their eyes not yet open. The dog was just then raising a family of puppies and the little foxes were taken home and given her. The dog welcomed the little orphans and is raising them as her own.

## Where Was Yankee Enterprise?

It is surprising that some enterprising American, says the Chicago Record-Herald, didn't think to secure the kinetoscope privileges for the coronation.

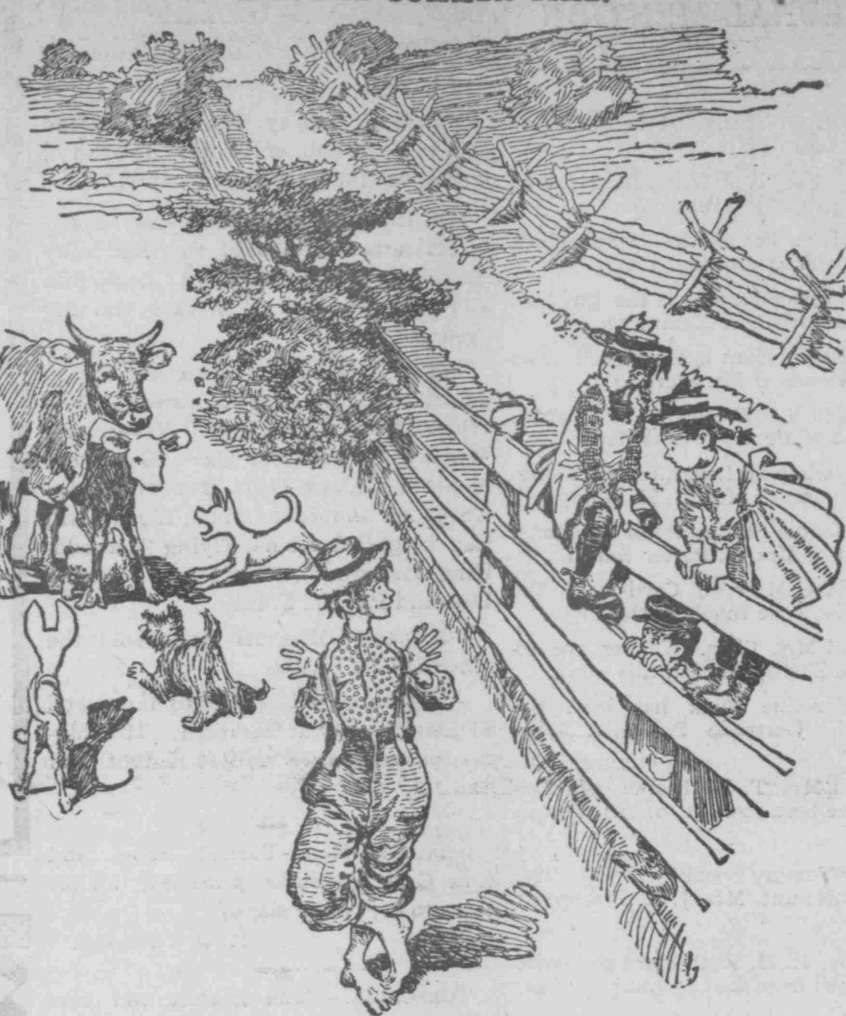
## Wheat Straws in Japan.

Those oriental Yankees, the Japanese, who do everything neatly and allow nothing to go to waste, have a queer way of harvesting their wheat. Instead of ruthlessly cutting it down with a scythe or a reaper, they pull up much of it by hand and clip off the roots with shears, for they wish to keep the beautiful long golden straws from getting bruised or broken. With them the straws are almost as valuable as the grain. They are flattened and then softened, and are woven, either whole or split, into matting, baskets, hats and hundreds of other things. Even the waste ends from weaving are turned into pulp and used.—Science and Industry.

## Ten-Mile Corn Field.

In Harrison township, near Monroe City, there is an area 10x1 miles in extent that is now an unbroken ocean of corn, which will yield from 80 to 100 bushels per acre. Until recently this area was an undrained, marshy wilderness known as Montour's pond. Robert S. Johnson, one of the managers of the pond, recalls that after the civil war the place was a wilderness, densely timbered, and as late as ten years ago wildcats, reptiles and other animals inhabited it.—Louisville Courier Journal.

## A BOY IN SUMMER TIME.



"See, I ain't afraid."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## HE EXPLAINED THE GAME.

And It Was Not Altogether the Young Lady's Fault That She Didn't Understand.

There are very few young women left in the land who do not understand the rules of our national game, but there's at least one whose education has been neglected in this direction. She's a brotherless girl, of course, else she'd have known all about base hits and three baggers long ago. She's felt her ignorance keenly for years, and so the other day, when two masculine cousins, who are enthusiastic on the subject of baseball, offered to take her to a game and teach her its intricacies, she accepted the invitation gratefully and went, relates the Baltimore News.

She didn't learn much before the game commenced, because her escorts were too deep in a discussion of the merits of the man who was to pitch to pay any attention to her, but when the first inning commenced both men in chorus explained to her something like this: "It's perfectly plain, Elsie; you see the pitcher stands in his box and sends the feather over the plate to the batter, who knocks it out for a bag if he can. He gets around the diamond and—Yi! Yi! Yi! Yi!"

The Yi Yi Yi Yi wasn't part of the explanation. It was the shout that went up from the throats of the speakers at an achievement of a Baltimore player that took place at that moment, and both young men, with one accord, rose to their feet.

Elsie, watching diligently, as she had been told to do, got a very distinct vision around the edges of their flapping coats of two daisies and a tuft of grass growing in the field.

"What happened?" she asked, when order was restored. "Was any one much hurt?"

"What happened? Why, the greatest play of the season," replied one cousin, excitedly. "He smashed out a two-bagger. I declare, I didn't think it was in him, did you, Fred? Yow! Yow; there it goes again, good for a run this time."

And again the two youths were carried to their feet by their emotions and again Elsie, peeping around corners and under eaves, succeeded in discerning a small boy sitting on the ground near the bleachers.

"It's very interesting, isn't it?" she asked, when all was quiet once more. "So foolish of me never to have learned the game before. Your explanations have helped me wonderfully."

Her escorts looked at her suspiciously, for men hate sarcasm. "All you have to do is to keep an eye on the ball and the pitcher and catcher and home plate and the men on bases," they assured her. "See, that one was scooped in by a fielder. Now watch us retire the other fellows in one-two-three order."

"What is one-two-three order?"

Why, I knew that when I was four years old. It's—what in the name of thunder does he mean by such a throw? They ought to retire that fellow on a pension. He's in a state of decrepitude. By George, caught at the post! Look at him! Look at him!"

And Elsie, viewing the scene between waving folds of serge and tweed, saw one gentleman sitting on another gentleman's head, violently cuffing him.

"You never told me this was a prize-fight," said she, reproachfully, then. "I wouldn't have come if I had known. When does the ball game commence?"

"My dear little coz," replied the older of her relatives, as he fanned himself with his hat, "you have just witnessed a part of one of the most exciting baseball games ever played on these grounds. If you haven't enjoyed it, it is merely because your taste runs more to ping-pong than to manly sports and not because Fred and I haven't conscientiously endeavored to explain the rules to you and make you a mistress of the subject. Keep quiet, like a good child, a little while longer and going home in the car I'll explain to you what a pitcher is and likewise who won and what city the opposing team is from. Hi! You! There he goes again!" And that's positively all the explanation that Elsie received that day from the gentlemen—her cousins.

## Something New in Watches.

An invention which is likely to revolutionize the watch-making industry has been perfected by a Swiss watchmaker named David Perrett, of Marin, near Neufchatel. It is a watch which goes by electricity. It was severely tested by experts, and it was found that it gained only seven-tenths of a second in five weeks. The watch resembles an ordinary timepiece, and goes for 15 years without being rewound.—Science and Industry.

## Number of Draft Animals.

A French authority estimates the number of horses in the world at 74,600,000, and the number of mules and asses at 12,100,000. Despite the inroads of the automobile, there is an unusual demand for draft animals, and the prices are high.—Scientific American.

## Full House; Yet Only a Pair.

Hopley—There seemed to be some sort of excitement at your house last night.

Popley (dejectedly)—Yes, we had a deuce of a time.

"A deuce of a time, eh?"

"Yes; twins."—Philadelphia Press.

## Six Thousand Roses on One Tree.

Six thousand is the record number of roses produced by one tree at a time. This was in Holland, one Mme. Regnier's land. A Marechal Niel at Whitby has had 3,500 blooms on it at the same time.—Chicago Chronicle.

Civil service reform has taken a great stride forward in the last nine months. Much progress is due to the accession to the presidency of Mr. Roosevelt. He is a strong advocate of reform, and his efforts in its behalf have had great effect.

Mayor Low of New York has also been active in throttling the spoils system.

Increasing popular interest in this subject can easily be traced in the press. THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS ARRAYING ITSELF AGAINST POLITICAL BOSSISM, GREED, GRAFT.

Yet, the major part of the work is still to be done. In the federal service there remain 70,000 fourth-class postmasters outside the classified service. Consulships are still regarded as political gifts.

The great field for improvement is in state and municipal governments. Massachusetts and New York are the only states that have satisfactory civil service codes; New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, San Francisco and New Haven the only cities that have fostered the germ of clean and honest government.

The movement for civil service reform has thus far centered in the east. Recently, however, the middle west has shown a growing interest in the subject. There have been signs of activity in the south and on the Pacific coast.

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